

1347. m. 8. (28)

LORD-MAYOR'S DAY.

A MOCK ELEGY.

THE sun creeps slowly o'er the eastern hills,
The lazy-pacing hours attend his way;
Through the thick fog the scarce pervading beam
Gives London's Lord his gorgeous, gaudy day.

Now the grim'd scavenger his besom plies,
And whistles at his work with wonted glee;
The streets look decent, ev'n in courtier's eyes,
While the wretch sweeps for dirtier folks than he.

And now the city bells, in many a peal,
Bursting at once upon the vacant ear,
Bid the glad Freemen from their counters steal,
And hail the day—to beef and pudding dear.

Nor is this all—the solid ham supplies
The place where yesterday's plain mutton stood;
And the rich pudding with the pye-crust vies;
But all is swallow'd soon—for all is good.

Nor pass we by the capon and the chine,
Nor heedless leave the turkey's praise unsung;
The many-mixtur'd punch, th' inspiring wine,
Joy of each heart, and theme of ev'ry tongue!

And now Augusta's Senators repair
To that old pile, where broad-fac'd giants stand;
Where courtly strangers like those giants stare,
'Maz'd at the clumsy wonders of our land!

But haste, my Muse—the coach of state appears!
Augusta's Lord, and all his Court are blithe;
Coachman, be careful how you reach the stairs,
And land the Monarch safely at Queenhithe!

But, ah! one moral thought will yet intrude,
Tho' glad the heart, and festive be the day—
“How short our bliss! we've made the landing good
“On the frail waves to plough the watery way!”

Now sail the barges—half a mile an hour;
Now fly the streamers—now the corks too fly;
The morning brimmer gives the stomach power
To storm the beef, and raise the pigeon pie!

Let fancy, trav'ling on the banks of Thame,
Suppose at Rufus' hall the glittering throng;
The business done—revisit we the stream,
While pop-guns cannonade us—all along.

With grateful hearts, and eyes of greedy joy,
We view thy bridge of elegance, Blackfriars;
While the glad matron hugs her darling boy,
For daddy's safe arriv'd—thro' worse than thorns
or briars!

Muse, crowd the verse—as London streets are fill'd
With men, dogs, horses, chariots and sedans;
Strew many a flower, as many a bottle spill'd,
And crowd with spits and plates, and pots and pans.

The feasting o'er, the ball, the sprightly dance,
With jocund glee beguile the night away;
The crowd retire, when Sunday hours advance,
“And eat, in dreams, the custard of the day!”*

* POPE.



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